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**MANCHESTER.**

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OUR  
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Do their work remarkably easily and efficiently.

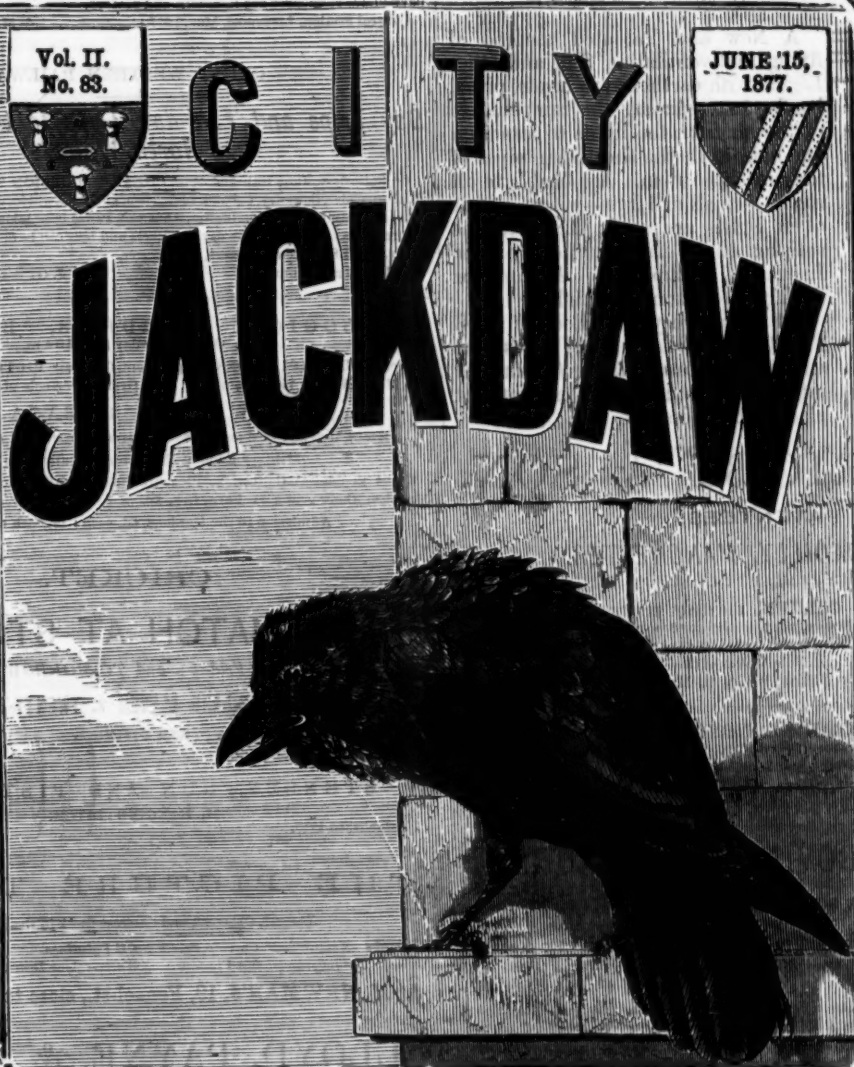
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Complete,  
EITHER FOR STEAM  
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**SPECIAL**  
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Produces more and better butter than any other churn.

Is marvellously easy to work.

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**AFTER A**  
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**THIS CHURN**  
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Churns always in stock, to make from 1lb. to 440lbs. of butter.

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**BANKS,**  
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UNRIVALLED FOR TODDY.  
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## THE CITY JACKDAW.

TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, SHOPKEEPERS,  
AND OTHERS.

### Athenæum Sun Lights.



A New and Patented method of fixing and ventilating Sun and other Lights with earthenware boxes, pipes, bends, &c., reducing the temperature of the air from the lights to less than one-half, as in the sheet-iron pipes of the present system. Applicable to all rooms—small or large—where gas or other lights are used; fixed to the satisfaction of the Directors of the Insurance Companies. Agents for the Hydro-carbon Gas Light.

We keep a very fine Stock of GAS FITTINGS, Fenders, Coal Vases, Gas and other Stoves, &c. All further information can be obtained at our place of business.

**JOHN RIGBY & SON,**

PATENTEES,

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**BILLIARDS!**—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King-street, Manchester.

**MURPHY'S CENTRAL STATION RESTAURANT**, corner of Albion and Trumpet Streets, Gaythorn. Dinners from 6d. Soups always ready. Tea, coffee, chops, or steaks, any hour. Hot suppers. Sausage, with mashed potatoes, 4d. Taylor's ale, two glasses, 2½d.; one glass, 1½d. Guinness's stout, per glass, 1½d. Free lunch.

### THE GRAND PROVINCIAL RESTAURANT

MARKET PLACE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

Is Now Open, with First-class Luncheon and Dining Accommodation for 500 Persons.

Two Tables d'Hôte daily—viz., from 1 to 3.00, as per bill of fare, served in dining saloon No. 2, 2s. 6d. per head; second Table d'Hôte, from 5.00 to 7.30, including wines, 4s. 6d. per head. Dinners à la carte throughout the day. These commanding premises, having been specially built, are provided with every convenience and comfort that experience can suggest. First-class Ladies' Accommodation.

J. CAVARGNA, Proprietor.

Locus Mulierum Delicatus.

Ladies' Dining Room first floor.

### THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite. Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality. All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1.20—soup, joint, pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

### CHESTER LINES.

#### CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO LIVERPOOL.

By the New Route, for One, Two, or Three Days.

On Saturday, the 16th June, 1877, and every Saturday until further notice, CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued by the 9.25 a.m. and 2.3 p.m. trains. For particulars as to fares see handbills and posters.  
Central Station, Liverpool, May, 1877. WM. ENGLISH, Manager.

### GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

#### Day Trips and Five-day Trips to the Seaside and North Wales.

On Saturdays, June 16th and 30th, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS for WREXHAM, Ruabon, Chirk, Oswestry, Corwen, Llangollen, and Bala, will leave MANCHESTER (Oxford-lane) at 7.10 a.m., and Warrington, 8.5 a.m. Passengers taking the five-day tickets can return on any day within five days. Tickets and bills can be obtained at the stations, and of Mr. COLES, 77, Market-street, Manchester.  
Paddington Terminus. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

### ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.

Open every day from 10 a.m.

Messrs. DANSON & SONS' Magnificent Open-air PICTURE of the VALLEY of the MORAVA, on view every day. The Grand Spectacle of the recent

#### WAR IN SERBIA.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday throughout the season, at dusk.

Military Band of the Gardens Daily from 3 p.m.

Great Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes, Mass, Museum, Conservatories, Ferneries, &c.

Admission to the Gardens, 6d. each; 1s. each after 4 p.m.

### CRICKET.

#### GRAND MATCH AT STOCKPORT

THIS DAY (Friday), and TO-MORROW (Saturday),

UNITED SOUTH OF ENGLAND ELEVEN v. TWENTY-TWO OF STOCKPORT AND DISTRICT.

### T. STENSBY, GUN AND PISTOL MAKER,

11, HANGING DITCH.

Established 1810.

Established 1810.

### THE PICTURE TRADE.

Largest, Cheapest, and Choicest Stock in the trade of

Oleographs Engravings Chromo Prints Oil Paintings Photographs  
Chromos Aquagraphs Cut Flowers Water-colour Drawings Picture Frames, &c.

At M. NEWMAN'S, 19, Fennel-st., close to the Cathedral.

### LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL

Have the Largest Assortment of

DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES,  
Suitable for Presentation.

Every Description of Jewellery, 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.  
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate,  
from the very best makers.

HIGH-STREET AND THOMAS-STREET, MANCHESTER.

### MANCHESTER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS AND YOUNG LADIES ENGAGED IN BUSINESS.

REGISTER OFFICE REMOVED to 107A, MARKET-STREET; hours from 12 to 4; Saturdays, 11 to 1. Classes opened, and lodgings may be obtained, at Windsor House, 94, Bloomsbury, Oxford Road. Singing class, Monday, 8 to 9, conducted by Miss POOLE. French class, Friday, 8.15 to 9.15, conducted by Mlle. BLANCHOU. Music lesson, Saturday afternoons, by Miss Poole. Bible class, Sunday and Thursday, open to members and friends. Classes for grammar, bookkeeping, history, &c., as soon as sufficient names are enrolled.



# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 88.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Jackdaw apologises to Watson, the Lancashire cricketer, for having inadvertently attributed the big hit of the day in the Lancashire v. Derbyshire match (6) to Barlow.

ANY of our readers who happen to be licensed victuallers are congratulated on the recent legal decision that they can get drunk on their own premises after closing hours. The phrase, "to be drunk on the premises," now bears a deep signification which it never had before.

ANOTHER exposure of the nature of advertisements published under the heading, "Matrimony," in the daily papers. The abilities of Mr. Walter Wilkins seem to lie chiefly in the way of matrimonial swindling, so that if he had not been permitted to advertise for a wife, the probability is that a confiding female would not have been robbed by him.

THE argument of Mr. Jacob Bright, that since women can and do present to Church livings, thus practically legislating for the souls of congregations, they ought *a fortiori* to be considered capable of voting in parliamentary elections, is a strong one, however whimsical it may seem. If "Promotion by Merit," or somebody, would compile a list of all the "livings" which are the property of ladies, a good many eyes would be widely opened.

SIR JOHN MANTELL occasionally does sensible things. He has just refused to be influenced by petitions emanating from religious bodies against the granting of a license to Mr. C. H. Duval, for a theatre at Openshaw. The application has been adjourned for a week, in order that a report may be made as to the nature of the proposed theatre; and there is no doubt that Mr. Duval, who is a very clever entertainer, will get his license, much to the chagrin doubtless of the "religious."

THE abolition of capital punishment, which has for a long period occupied the position of a hole-and-corner question, has at last been dignified by an earnest discussion in the House of Commons, to which Mr. John Bright contributed an excellent speech. The course of the debate shows that the question is no longer one of those which can be strangled by common places and flippancies. The serious recognition of an important question of reform, both by friends and foes, is a step very near to its accomplishment.

THAT accommodating Danube is now "falling rapidly," which is a sure sign that competent judges think the Russians are nearly ready for crossing. But there is another supposition, which is not altogether unreasonable. How if the Russians were quietly to chaw up the Turks in Asia, and dictate their own terms from their own side of the Danube? In the meantime, the Russians are able to control the elements, as far as the Danube is concerned. They have only, according to circumstances, to organise a thaw, or a lot of rain, or a drought, or a tempest, and the river is obedient.

A REFRESHING air of novelty surrounds the circumstances of the recent testimonial given to Captain Torrens, of the Salford police force, from the fact that a schedule of the sums to be subscribed by men in different grades of employment is published. It is said that the promoters fixed the tariff as follows: for chief superintendents, a sovereign; for inspectors, half a sovereign; sergeants, five shillings; and constables, half a crown. Of course these payments were not obligatory in the strict sense of the

term, for there is no regulation which compels a policeman to subscribe even 2s. 6d. towards the purchase of a "travelling bag" for a chief, however competent or incompetent he may be. There can, however, in the nature of things have been nothing spontaneous about a collection of this kind; nor can such a proceeding be altogether a justification of Captain Torrens's remark that it proved to him that "the pulse of the Salford police force beat loyally towards their chief constable." It is of course very gratifying to Captain Torrens's feelings to receive a present of "a travelling bag, a despatch bag, and a pair of gold spectacles;" but the public would have preferred to see that the energy of the force was being directed into other channels, and the police of Salford need to be reminded that their too well-known deficiencies will not be removed or forgotten from the mere fact of their resolving themselves into a mutual admiration society. Without intending to be unkind, we are bound to ask what Captain Torrens has done to make himself especially worthy of a costly public presentation? The "testimonial," too, has apparently been got up in a manner which is by no means complimentary to the recipient, supposing him to have deserved the compliment; and it seems to us a great pity that a considerable sum of money should have been wasted, drawn as it was from sources where it could be ill-spared.

A MODEL in its way is the "war correspondence" column of the *Manchester Guardian*. The gentlemen deputed to do the work are not only smart and well informed, but they give their news concisely and lucidly, without that detestable partisan colouring and expression of opinion which disfigures the news of such papers as the *Daily Telegraph*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Daily News*, and so on. It is only by an enormous expenditure of money that a journal can obtain "war news" which might not just as well have been written in the office. The *Guardian* spends the money, and gets the news. But there is something more wanted, and that is honesty, and the *Guardian* has that too.

As an instance of the despairing arguments resorted to by the people who call themselves Church Defenders, a recent statement of Mr. Touchstone may serve. He avers that the missionaries of the London Missionary Society at Madagascar are in receipt of pay from the Church. In the first place such a statement as this has no particular bearing on the Church and State controversy; in the second it is untrue, so that Mr. Touchstone is doubly unfortunate. The Church is also very unlucky in possessing such an advocate as Mr. Touchstone, who is always intemperate in argument, seldom truthful, and never discreet. If the Church had any money to spend on its own defence, a part thereof might be advantageously invested in hiring Mr. Touchstone to hold his tongue.

In an article on Home Rule, the *Manchester Courier* says: "Seats in the House of Commons were won by Liberals at Burnley, Manchester, Oldham, and Halifax, through pretending to sympathise with the doctrines which are now so plainly, and, therefore, so obnoxiously put forward by Major O'Gorman." The *Courier* means, of course, that the seats in question were won by gentlemen who promised to vote for an inquiry into the Home Rule grievance. But even this is not true. We remember, however, a certain election for Manchester in which a Mr. F. S. Powell was candidate. He not only promised to vote for an inquiry, but went the whole Irish animal, and expressed his approval more than once of Home Rule itself. *Post hoc non ergo propter hoc* is a convenient motto in political controversy, which it is as easy to remember as it is to forget.

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale (Preparatory to Removing to their New Premises, 301 and 303, CHAPEL STREET.) Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.

KNITTING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, exchanged if not approved. GREATEST REDUCTION FOR CASH. 2s. 6d. per week. W. HARRISON, 128, Portland Street, Manchester.

## FIFTY POUNDS REWARD!

A SINGULAR feature of the Church and State controversy is the offer of rewards of fifty pounds for "legal proof" of such or such a circumstance or statement. Such offers are the weakest and last resort of baffled argument. They originated only on one side, but we are sorry to see that the other side are now taking them up. Of course, the only serious intention of such absurd "challenges" is to impress the vulgar. Of course, there is no fifty pounds forthcoming, and usually the challenger is not possessed of fifty pounds, or any sum like it; but it looks delightfully and recklessly generous to make such an offer, and a good impression is produced on spectators who do not know any better. These challenges are always worded in such a way as to leave a loophole of escape, and in fact involve impossibilities. It is time that the silly custom should either cease or be exposed. As an illustration of the ease and safety with which such offers can be made, we beg to offer a reward of fifty pounds to any of our readers who will afford legal proof of any or all of the following statements. —N.B. This is *bona fide* :—

That there ever was such a person in existence as a pious ancestor.

That Melchizedek was the first person who had any dealings in tithes.

That he gave a third of them to the poor of his parish.

That Melchizedek ever existed.

That the Tories did or did not make use of public-houses during the late Salford election.

That beer produces intoxication.

That there is really any such personage in the flesh as a Conservative working man.

That two and two make four.

[This will be enough for the present.]

## FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

## ON TWOPENCE.

I SAT on the top of a 'bus the other day with two penny pieces between my finger and thumb ready for the conductor when he should demand the fare, and by the same token it was the last twopence I had about me for the time, and I held it fast lest I should drop it, and so be placed in an uncomfortable predicament. I know of nothing more disagreeable to the feelings than to be found on a public conveyance without money to pay the fare. This, of course, I can only know from experience, for I cannot vouch for the feelings of other people under any circumstances whatever. As I sat there I was revolving in my mind the finish of that story about going to gaol, which is a true one I promise you, though it is not even yet concluded; and as I revolved I glanced anxiously at my twopence from time to time to see that it was all right. I did not take note of time or distance, being engaged with my own thoughts, and was rather surprised to find the 'bus stopping in Market Street, and no demand made on my coppers. All the passengers descended, and I got down too. Nobody questioned my departure, and I might have walked clear off with that twopence to the good. I did not do so, however, though it was my last one. I reflected that the guard would probably get into trouble for his carelessness, so I sought him in order to pay him. I addressed him as follows: "Are you the guard of this 'bus?" I knew very well that he was, but that was my way of entering into conversation. He said, "What dost want to know for?" in rather an aggressive way, which annoyed me, considering my motive; so I said, "I want to know if you are the guard of this 'bus?" He said, "Thou wants to know a great deal," and turned his back on me, upon which I put my money—I mean my twopence—back into my pocket, and walked away. That man was twopence short when he came to his accounts, and I hope he got a good wiggling for it. I have no pity at anything which happens to a surly brute like that. Very probably he will never know how it was that he missed that twopence,

first by his own carelessness, and next through his ill-temper. As I said before, I am not a bit sorry for him if he has got into trouble, and of course I am glad to have saved my twopence. There is always a sort of hidden joy in contemplating money—ever so small a sum—snatched, as it were, out of the fire in this way. I was not going to bandy words with this brute and say, "You need not be angry, I merely wish to pay my fare, which you neglected to take." If I had done so the man would have regarded me as a fool. As it was I felt a savage joy in punishing him. It is true he may not have felt the punishment in the way intended, but the satisfaction to me was all the same. It is quite certain that there is never anything lost in this life, by civility of manner, and this is an illustration in point. By civility I mean ordinary kindness of expression and demeanour, though that is not the dictionary meaning. There is no commoner or greater fallacy than that of connecting a blunt and rough mode of expression with honesty. I do not mean to hint that this guard was dishonest because I know nothing about him, but I certainly should not take his rudeness and insolence as a proof of his honesty. The chances are too much against it. The man who does not consider the feelings of others in one way is not likely to do so in another, and honesty is, I take it, entirely a matter of sentiment. As to abstract honesty apart from sentiment, I do not believe in it at all. A man finds a treasure in the ground, say; it is not his, but he takes it; there are no owner's feelings to be hurt. When it comes to digging up another man's potatoes, and eating them or selling them, the matter is quite different; therefore, I say, a regard for the feelings of others in small things may be taken to infer a similar regard in larger matters. It is badness of disposition and sharp teeth that make a surly dog a good watch dog. I must confess that I hate surliness of disposition in all men in whom I find it. It is almost as hateful to me as excessive politeness, which theme I must reserve for another article. One thing is clear, however, if people only knew it, that a smooth tongue is an advancement to a man, even should he make an unworthy use of it. My friend the 'bus guard, honest or not, will never prosper, I am afraid.

## MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

THAT entertaining journal the *City News* gives the following particulars, among others, of an excursion of the Field Naturalists. Our contributor the Novice, whose peculiar talents for versification are tolerably well known to readers of this journal, happened to be taking a walk on the day in question, and sends, as a supplement to the *City News* account, a copy of verses. But first the extract :—

The day proved unfortunately wet, and throughout the afternoon umbrellas and waterproofs were almost continually in use. Nevertheless, about a score of the members mustered, the party including several ladies. Dr. Bahin was the leader. The chief inconvenience from the wet was the increased heaviness of the walk, which was rendered rather fatiguing. As a compensation there was the freshness of the atmosphere and the additional fragrance of the trees, the odour from the blossom of the mountain ash being especially rich. The apple blossom also imparted an aspect of gaiety to the orchards.

I LOVE to ramble in the fields,

Though it may not be prudent;

For, wet or dry, Dame Nature yields

Her pleasures to the student;

And though it rains,

The hills and plains

Afford a joy

Which cannot cloy.

It does not matter though the sky

Is weeping on umbrellas,

At such a time I feel that I

Am happiest of fellows.

Nor muddy hoofs,

Nor waterproofs,

Nor cold and wet

Do I regret.

## FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 2s. or 4s. ? Set of Elastics lbd. at 4 Birmingham-st. London.



Upon each foot a pound of clay  
Exertion may require some;  
But still regard it as I may,  
I do not find it tiresome.

My way I pick,  
And if I stick  
In mud, I say  
'Tis pretty play.

The day it may be dark and drear,  
And bleak the situation,  
"The freshness of the atmosphere  
Is ample compensation."

And then the trees,  
How fragrant these!  
Words cannot tell  
How nice they smell.

Lest mud or damp my spirits dash—  
I own they are capricious—  
The blossoms of the mountain ash  
Are to the nose delicious.

I do suppose  
The human nose  
On nicer smell  
Did never dwell.

The blooming orchard doth impart  
An aspect bright and cheery,  
It makes me dream of apple tart,  
Though I am wet and weary.

My doleful plight  
Is out of sight;  
The joy I find  
Is in my mind.

Now, is not this a happy frame  
Of mind I have depicted?  
And if you can't enjoy the same,  
Your joys will be restricted;

For in this climate,  
In summer time,  
Four days of wet  
In six we get.

The only thing that could withhold  
A man from such employment  
Should be the fear of catching cold,  
In which there's no enjoyment.

I love to frisk,  
But would not risk  
My precious health  
For untold wealth.

The trees are very nice to sniff,  
But how about the ague?  
You cannot smell them either, if  
You've got a cold to plague you.

Their fragrance I  
Prefer when dry,  
Although it may  
Be what they say.

So if the trees enjoy the rain  
With pleasant smell and show, it  
Is, as I now will just explain,  
By accident I know it.

I stop at home,  
And do not roam  
On rainy days,  
It never pays.

#### SIR R. PEEL AND SIR E. WATKIN.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is in his own person the epitome of oratorical smartness. He is an adept at saying clever things, and making speeches which read well in the newspapers—when they get reported. He is also usually listened to with amusement and attention in the House. Such showy gifts as those alluded to, however calculated to tickle the ears of the groundlings, are just those which are most frequently abused by their possessors. Sir Robert Peel is not, and never will be, a statesman; his gift of the gab prevents him, for one thing. He is not, and never will be, a great orator, capable of grappling with important subjects; his shallow smartness is a fatal obstacle. The honourable baronet's latest ungenerous display of his flippant powers is certainly one which confirms this view of

his character. Apparently for the mere purpose of displaying his smartness, though spleen may also have actuated him, he seized, in the House of Commons, a favourable opportunity of raking up a forgotten scandal to the prejudice of Sir Edward Watkin. We use the word scandal in a legitimate sense, because, as a matter of fact, Sir Edward came out of the matter in question with unsoiled reputation; but the baronet, exercising admirably his great ingenuity in dealing with trifles, contrived to cast an apparent shade of obloquy upon Sir Edward Watkin. As Sir Edward said, such things are not easily answered in the House itself, nor is it creditable to the House that such personal insinuations are allowed. The matter is not one of any very great interest to the general public; but those who are interested in financial events, and in the career of a high-minded and honourable gentleman, will not need to be reminded that in the affair alluded to by Sir Robert Peel, Sir Edward Watkin was not only exonerated, but complimented by the judge; that the proceedings in question were taken by a pettifogging Yorkshire attorney, who elected to be nonsuited; and that not only was public sympathy on the side of Sir Edward, but that he received a special vote of appreciation from the shareholders and directors of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. In cleverly raking up the old scandal, Sir R. Peel sedulously kept all this in the dark. It was his game so to do; and it is scarcely necessary to say that the game at which such "smart" people fly is never a very high one. At the same time, the attempt to hurt Sir Edward Watkin was undeniably a clever one, because it is not every one who has a long memory, or who has access to newspaper files. Parodying a question of Sir Edward Watkin's, Sir R. Peel asked the Solicitor-General

If it was the intention of the Government to take legal proceedings against any of the parties who have been guilty of obtaining money from many thousand persons by means of the false preferences described by the Lord Chief Justice, more particularly with reference to the transactions disclosed in the *Railway News* of March 24, 1876, with respect to the Humber Ironworks Company, capital £1,000,000, E. W. Watkin chairman, on behalf of which scheme the promoters appealed to the public through the Stock Exchange, promising a dividend of twenty per cent and upwards to the shareholders, the shares of the company being quoted one and a half to two premium before a single share had been allowed, whereas in a few months the whole of the money subscribed by the public disappeared, except a trifle.

Now, this looked a very black arraignment in the absence of the long memory and newspaper files aforementioned, and the facts being put in the worst possible light. It seems to be the peculiar province of Tory speakers to indulge in clever taunts and innuendoes of this sort, in despite of truth and fairness. Sir R. Peel is a very clever pupil of Mr. Disraeli's school, but without Lord Beaconsfield's administrative ability. His oratory, though telling in its way, seldom rises higher than a taunt or a sneer; and his special aptitude is dealing smartly with small things, or in a small way, but still smartly, with big things—his speech on the Eastern Question, the other day, to wit. Sir Edward Watkin's answer was simple and straightforward. He merely appealed to the facts which we have already cited, or to some of them, and let the matter drop with the following dignified rebuke:—

Honourable members will, I believe, do me the justice of saying that the question is not fair, is not well founded, is libellous, and a question which no one would put to me out of the House without receiving such a reply as the forms of the House will not permit me to make to-night.

The cheers in the House which followed must be taken to mean that Sir R. Peel's smartness had for once overstepped the mark. It is not necessary, of course, that a man who bears an illustrious name should run an illustrious career—there is no such necessity, either in nature or common sense; but the ungenerous display of small wit, the cowardly utterance of libels in privileged places, and the distortion and suppression of fact, are things which are not usually associated with the names either of legislators or simple gentlemen.

**LAIETZ'S FINE WOOL OIL.**—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 37, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1½d. upwards.



## AMUSEMENTS.

## THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

LAST EIGHT NIGHTS OF

MDLLE. BEATRICE'S COMEDY-DRAMA COMPANY.

WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE.

LOVE AND HONOUR.

FROU-FROU.

JOHN JASPER'S WIFE,

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,

MARY STUART,

EAST LYNNE.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter-street, Manchester.—TO-NIGHT,  
Coleman Family, Mr. Harry Wingate, Great Harrison Family, Derkaro Troupe,  
Mons Henri, the wizard, Laurie's Ballet Troupe, Mr. Jay Thomas, negro comedian, Miss  
De Brent, serio-comic, Mr. Frank Hilton, the Misses Clara and Ada. MONDAY NEXT,  
Mr. Fred Foster, Mr. Harry Gill, Miss Florence Merry, Mr. Edward Brignell, The Brothers  
Seward, negro comedians, Miss Marie Balfour, The Coleman Family, Messrs. Harper and  
Standill. Prices, 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Tyldesley Conservative publican, who personated the Mayor  
of Manchester at the Bright meeting in Birmingham, intends to  
personate Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Lords in a day or two.

That the Mayor of Manchester talks of personating the publican during  
his holidays.

That there is too much fuss being made about a name for the big bell  
at the Town Hall.

That it would perhaps, after all, be wise to call it just what it is, in  
honour of the Mayor—A-bell.

That if its tongue only goes as fast as Councillor Griffin's, the Town  
Clerk will be eternally calling it to order.

That the gold eye-glasses given to Captain Torrens, by the Salford  
police force, are to prevent his seeing the utter incompetency of his men.

That the marvel is the force should have gone to the expense it did,  
when our dear philanthropic friend Aronsberg would have given the  
captain a pair of "specs" for nothing—without expecting any gratitude  
in return.

RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.—Our readers will see, from our advertising  
columns, that the following excursions are announced:—London and  
North-Western: Saturday afternoon excursions to Alderley, for the  
athletic sports at Wilmslow; and to Buxton well-dressing. Lancashire  
and Yorkshire: Monday next, to Blackpool, for inaugural fête and gala.  
Cheshire Lines: To Liverpool, one, two, or three days. Great Western:  
Day and five-day trips to the seaside and North Wales.

MR. POWELL AND THE REPRESENTATION OF  
MANCHESTER!

The following correspondence has been forwarded to us for publication:—

Lancashire Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations,  
BARLOW'S COURT, 43, Market Street, Manchester,  
To Francis S. Powell, Esq. June 4th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—Won't you re-consider your decision about not contesting  
Manchester any more? Is the grand banner of Conservatism to be lowered  
for ever in this Radical hot-hold? Perish the thought! Stand again, or  
Conservatism is for ever fallen! I'll do you your printing free: for address,  
see above.—N.B. Please excuse the place this letter is dated from; we  
haven't got an office yet, as our funds are low, so I allow the Lancashire  
Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations to use my printing  
office—when the P. D. is at his dinner.—P.S. Please observe that the  
Union was mentioned in Parliament a night or two ago.—Faithfully  
yours,  
S. C. NICHOLSON, Hon. Sec.

1, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, W., June 9th, 1877.

Dear Sam,—Excuse the familiarity, for familiarity breeds contempt.  
I can't stand again, it costs too much.—N.B. I'll take your hint about the  
printing. Whether I stand for Chowbent, or heaven only knows where,  
you shall have the printing of the blue bills.—Yours faithfully,  
FRANCIS S. POWELL.

## BAT AND BALL.

ENGAGED to rise at earliest dawn  
And meet Miss Nimble slim and tall,  
We duly sought the misty lawn,  
Our aim to play with bat and ball.

The game went on 'till noontide's hour  
My sinews stiffened, one and all;  
Fainter and feebler waned my power,  
Yet still we played with bat and ball.

And post-meridian brought no rest,  
Nor did the play our senses pall;  
We followed with continued zest  
The little game with bat and ball.

Soft shades of evening gathered o'er,  
The dews of heaven began to fall,  
At twilight we could play no more,  
And stowed away both bat and ball.

Retired to rest for slumber sound,  
We heard loud tapping and a call;  
And in Miss Nimble's boudoir found  
The game still bat—and almost bawl.

The bat, proverbially blind,  
Noiselessly fluttered round the wall,  
Till for the lady's peace of mind  
Poor bat was floored with well-aimed ball.

## THE OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.

WE are enabled to state with certainty that the new Town Hall will  
not be opened before the middle of September. The programme  
of the opening ceremony is in the hands of a special sub-committee, con-  
sisting of the Town Clerk, Mr. Ward (hall-keeper), and Mr. Wrigley  
(committee-clerk); and as far as we have been privileged to know, owing  
to an intimate knowledge of officialism at the Town Hall, we are in a  
position to say that the following programme will be strictly adhered to:—

All honour is to be done to the Mayor, as it is felt both by Liberals and  
Conservatives that a great injustice has been done to him by somebody.  
If Manchester cannot knight him, it can at least honour him. Royalty  
is not to be mentioned!

On the evening of the first day there will be a grand fancy ball, at which  
the Town Clerk will appear in court-dress, and the city councillors in  
dress-coats.—N.B. Those who have not got them are permitted to borrow  
from their next-door neighbours. This is to be considered the aristocratic  
day, and nobody less than a city councillor is to expect an invitation.

On the second day the programme is specially intended as an oppor-  
tunity for enjoyment for the middle classes, those residing in Angel  
Meadow and Ancoats taking precedence. They will have an opportunity

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

of sleeping for the night in the superb retiring rooms of his worship the Mayor, and will be allowed to carry away whatever valuables they may find in the Town Hall. Mr. Councillor Griffin will be put up to amuse them! Carriages to be ordered at ten.

On the third day the working classes are to be entertained. Special omnibuses will run from Whalley Range, Broughton, and other suburbs; and a trades procession will be formed of poor but honest cotton spinners, brokers, yarn agents, etc. A collection will be made to defray expenses.

The inauguration of the statues of Mr. John Bright, Mr. C. P. Villiers, and the late Mr. Richard Cobden, will take place on one of these days. To mollify the Conservatives, we hear that the Mayor has promised also to have inaugurated the statue of some prominent representative Conservative. The choice will lie between Lord Beaconsfield, Councillor Croston, and Mr. Samuel Nicholson! Councillor Griffin has also been mentioned.

#### EFFECTS OF CAPTAIN TORRENS'S PRESENTATION.

SCENE.—Chapel Street, Salford. First Policeman holding second Policeman up.

First Policeman. Glorious spree we've had to-day.

Second Policeman. Glor—(hie)—i—(hie)—ous!

First Policeman. Wish we could give Captain Torrens a presentation every day.

Second Policeman. With (hie) musical honours.

First Policeman. Didn't the captain look a swell in his gold eye-glasses?

Second Policeman. Splendid.

First Policeman. Somebody took him for the Mayor.

Second Policeman [sic, laughing]. But he doesn't look both (hie) up and down Chapel Street at once. Put me against a lamp-post. Glorious day this; cost me half a crown, and I can (hie) go (hie) on the spree for a month.

First Policeman. Public don't like the presentation.

Second Policeman. Not one on 'em. Not seen a drunken person to-night.

First Policeman. Except members of the force.

Second Policeman. Oh (hie), yes; glorious body (hie); never get drunk, always keep sober.

First Policeman. Best organised force in the district.

Second Policeman. (Hie, hie) when (hie) Manchester (hie) force is on (hie) their holidays.

First Policeman. Holloa! there's the captain going home in a cab with his presentation under his arm. Isn't that Alderman —— with him?

Second Policeman. Don't know; don't know (hie). Never could identify a man when (hie) he (hie) is sober. Now, then [to lamp-post], please move on, or (hie) I'll have to make you a presentation.

#### BRITISH NEUTRALITY.

THE Old Fogie says that he has a good many friends for whom he would do almost anything short of lending money to them, and this is an exact illustration of the relation between the Conservative party and the Turks at the present time. The Conservatives are the unconscious allies of the Jews in this matter. It has been found out that it is no use lending any more money to the Turks because there is no hope of repayment, so the Jews have bethought them of some other mode of helping their friends. The result is the thing called "British neutrality," which may be defined as "the extent to which a third power may interfere between two nations fighting out a just quarrel, in favour of one of them." This is a curious definition for any sort of neutrality, but definitions can only be founded on facts and observation. No one doubts that if we are dragged to interfere in this war now unhappily raging it will be as adversaries to the Russian, and not to the Turk. No one doubts this either at home or abroad, in spite of the proclamation of neutrality. The fiction of "British interests" has served its purpose only too well, and that is the result. The reflection is not a little discreditable to our national reputation that the only reason why the Turks are not spending English

money at present in fighting the Russians is that our friend the Turk cannot be trusted to pay the debts which he may contract. This is surely a creditable ally, for whom England will probably be called upon to fight! He is not only uncleanly and useless in the world, but he actually borrows money and never pays it. He always was an unclean wretch, and savage, and now he is insolvent; but we don't even now repudiate him altogether, we only refuse to lend him any more money. We shall help him though, because he is the champion of "British interests"—a convenient phrase, which covers a multitude of iniquities. There is, in fact, no evil act which has been, or will be, committed in history which could not be covered by such a term. The "British interest" fiction, as used by the Jewish and Turkish organs of public opinion, has been exposed again and again, and is merely another name for the maintenance of bondage and desolation in a large and naturally fertile portion of the globe. Viewing the magnificent march of the Russian troops, and the splendid enthusiasm which animates the nation, the Jackdaw cannot help wishing them God speed, whether Turks and "British interests" are endangered or not. Good wishes on one side or the other are no breach of neutrality, and the Jackdaw believes in neutrality in this struggle. But what of "British neutrality," of which a proclamation has been issued? Is it not evident that England, or rather the British Government, is aiding the Turk—aiding him as much as can be, short of lending money, by threats against his adversary, by promises, by exciting hopes, by every possible indirect encouragement? This is "British neutrality," a new invention in the articles of the code of international law; and it is in aid of the foulest nationality on the face of the earth that the new invention is about to be practically tested.

#### A TYLDESLEY PUBLICAN IN THE MAYOR OF MANCHESTER'S HAT!

THE Mayor of Manchester, who takes a great interest in the Jackdaw, and always gives the familiar bird a tip whenever he can, informs us that he was astonished the other day by receiving the following letter from a hitherto unknown correspondent:—

Boar's Head Hotel, Tyldesley.

Sir,—Your letter is to hand, and in answer to it I beg to say that I am very sorry for that foolish freak of mine in going to Birmingham, and assuming your name at the Bingley Hall meeting. I am especially sorry that I should have so far forgotten myself as to compromise your dignity by wearing a white hat. Please to receive my humble apologies and assurances that such a thing shall never happen again, if you will kindly overlook it on this occasion.—I remain, yours respectfully,

SAMUEL HOWORTH, Landlord.

His worship the Mayor of Manchester.

When the Mayor received this note he was, as he informs us, exceedingly perplexed; but he showed it to Sir Joseph Heron and one or two of the aldermen last week, one of whom threw a light on the circumstances. He had clipped a paragraph from a Tyldesley paper, detailing the adventures at Birmingham of a Conservative in a white hat, who had gained admission to the Liberal meeting by asserting that he was Mayor of Manchester. The Mayor was inclined to be wroth at first, but his anger gradually cooled down, and he wrote to Mr. Howorth, suggesting that he must be the subject of a hoax, as he (the Mayor) had never written any such letter in his life. As to Mr. Howorth's confession, he did not think that any gentleman, let alone a Conservative, would have done such a thing; but he forgave him freely, although the white hat was certainly an aggravation of the offence. Then Mr. Howorth knew he had been hoaxed by some wicked Liberals, who had written to him in the Mayor's name, and had so caused him to confess his evil deed of personating the Mayor. At first Samuel Howorth used to go about boasting of his exploit, but now the laugh is against him, because he has been sold; but he is consoled by the fact that all the Liberals of Tyldesley come to his house to chaff him, and consume much liquor there.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.



## SUNDAY OR SABBATH.

THE Rev W. Caine, M.A., writing to the *Courier* on the question of the employment of Sunday, makes the following remark: "Mr. Anderson, and his clerical brethren who agree with him, in order to be consistent, ought to cease reading the Fourth Commandment in the Communion service of the Church." The statement which this is intended to meet was made by the Rev. Mr. Anderson in a letter read at a meeting in favour of opening museums, etc., on Sundays, and was to the following effect: "The Sabbatical question—that is, the question of a day of rest from ordinary work—is so thoroughly opposed to the whole theory of Christianity that it is hardly worth noticing." Not having the whole contents of Mr. Anderson's letter before us, it would not be fair to comment on the extract, so we will turn our attention to Mr. Caine's observations, which he apparently utters as a triumphant argument in favour of the present gloomy and pharasaical mode of observing Sunday. The fact is that every consistent churchgoer ought to be desirous of having the Fourth Commandment expunged from the Church service. In it, and in all the texts relating thereto, the Jews are urged, and some people suppose that Englishmen are urged, to keep holy the seventh day of the week; on it no work is to be done, and it is to be kept holy to Jehovah. People who listen to it from the Communion table must be aware that this commandment is systematically broken by them every week of their lives. It may be said that to keep one day in seven is sufficient; but this will not do, for the whole question of the Divine origin of the Sabbath is rooted in the rest which the Creator is said in Genesis to have taken on the seventh day. To assume that the "Sabbath day" mentioned in the commandment could be any other than the seventh day would be Erastianism of the grossest type, which might easily deteriorate into Materialism. Given, once, that "one day in seven" would do instead of the "seventh day," and you may easily arrive at the weekly rest as an abstract bit of wisdom of infinite benefit to the human race, but originating no one knows where. This would be no way of meeting the infidel argument that since the Sabbath is not mentioned in the Bible before the promulgation of the commandments, therefore the story of the rest at the Creation was an after-thought, an invention to give weight to the commandment. Into matters of controversy about the historical sequence about the books of Moses it is not our province to enter, but surely in discussing a practical question of utility in the nineteenth century it would be as well to avoid the fog of theological controversy. We are only led into the edge of this fog ourselves by the injudicious utterances of Messrs. Caine and Anderson. The question of Sunday observance is nowadays one of expediency only. It can not be referred back to Mount Sinai for many reasons—first, because the day enjoined to be kept on that occasion was not our Sunday at all; and, secondly, because even if it had been, Christians have never kept any day whatsoever in the manner understood of the Jews from the instructions given to them. Surely the people to whom the command directly came are best qualified to judge of its purport. Admitting even that the change from the seventh day to the first was permissible, the English Sunday, though strict and gloomy enough in all conscience, is a mere parody in these respects on the Jewish institution, if we are to believe the Bible and other authorities. As a matter of argument, then, the Old Testament is best left alone in discussing this point, for the argument cuts both ways. There are factors in the question, with which we have to deal, which were utterly unknown by the Hebrews, and, strange to say, unprophesied of. Such are parks, free libraries, museums, and the institution of the beer-shop. It is with these we have to deal, and how best our Sunday or weekly day of rest, which we all appreciate, shall be made to harmonise with the age. A little more education is all that is necessary to teach the people to know their own strength and what is good for them, and then the beer-shop will perforce give way on the day of rest to more improving and humanising institutions. The English Sunday as at present observed is a satire, not only on the Old Testament, but also on the New.

## ANOTHER BIRTHDAY BALLAD.

## PART I.

COME all you gents with your good ladies,  
I purpoos to relate  
The tale of a prosperous gentleman,  
A beak of high estate.  
I am but a pore day-waiter—  
But cats may look at a king;  
And I hope, as this beak I wait on,  
His praises I may sing.  
'Twas all in the county Lancaster,  
Where its moors are preshuv wild,  
This aforesaid prosperous party  
He became a little child,  
And throve from a babe to a bigg boy  
Before he throve as a man—  
Clambering the everlastin' hills,  
Till his work-a-day life began.  
Which begin it did right early,  
A cutting and calving his ways  
Through the crowds of folks and difficulties  
That bothers boys' early days.  
Bothers their early days, good gents;  
For many a jolly full purse  
Lies sung in trowais pockets in which  
A halve a crown once was scarce.  
But the hero of my narrative  
Had some excellent good idears  
Of cutting his way through obstickles,  
As presently appears.  
Not being born in a carridge,  
With silver spoons in his mouth,  
He'd walk full many a mile and back  
When he had to travel south;  
On errands to smoky Manchester,  
That city of renown,  
Though in those days historicale  
It wasn't but a town.  
And waitin' behind him at bankwits  
I've 'eared him say, and larf,  
As how of his moderit expensies  
He could easily save one half.  
Now mark, you good gents, the beginning  
Of this Lancashire party brave;  
In a limitted severe of action  
He could both work and save.  
An' I call on all dear ladies  
Who love a generous par,  
Where had you a been if they'd scatterd  
Their early tin afar?  
But to my tail. This hero came  
In our districk to abide;  
By all accounts, with his ears and eyes  
Exstrawnly open wide,  
And spyng him out employment  
Where cotton it was king,  
He twisted sumthin' or another, Lord knows,  
I'm informed a profitable thing.  
And it's credibly said that this article  
He allways twisted it strait;  
And that straits up and down was all he did,  
A pegging away early and late.  
Of course, and very proper, he married a wife,  
He became a family man;  
His quiver he fille, and his mills  
To erekt them he began.

## PART II.

Now, when his nex-dore neighbors  
Saw our subjeck work for hisself,  
They thought his talons too preshuv  
To lie on his private shelf.  
So they premoted a rekuisation,  
And sined it pretty quick,  
To make him their town councillor,  
If he'd be their candydick.  
And soon he sets on commitys,  
He lights and paves the streets,  
Scavengers, and boldly regitates  
Poleecemen on their beats,



With dexterity so remarkable  
That soon, without remorse,  
His fellow-councillors made him  
A worthy alderman, in corse.

I pause to salute our hero—  
All ale! good alderman;  
No stiffer hill in all Lancashire  
Is climb'd since you began.

A tidy stride you've accomplished  
Sinse you strood to town and back;  
A whapping new mill to be marster of,  
An' lots of hands to sack.

Ah! don't I know of a frend of mine  
With a very exlant will,  
As wishes he were an alderman,  
As wishes he had a mill;

As wishes he could give a feest,  
Could give his friends their whacks,  
Politely conversashioning them  
'Stead of waiting at their backs.

Hence vane emoshuns! Get away!  
Proseod we with our muse;  
This proud day-waiter\* envies not  
To step in our heroes shoes.

Behold him a venerated alderman,  
In the prime eut of his life,  
With mill and 'ands, cash in the bank,  
Fiver six infants and a wife.

An' now such publick usefulness  
Drops in for higher renown,  
They make him into his worship the mayor,  
They gives him the civic crown.

A crown for to pay his footing?—  
Lor' bless your innocences,  
I've handed mullets alone to his frens  
As would coss him that expense.

These civic crowns as I mention here  
I never yet did see,  
But something more that the crown of y'r ed  
They are moast probably.

And you never mind! In all the burrough  
He became the gratest gent,  
And well urned gold and silver  
Moast mayoroyally spent

In conversashioneys,  
In dinners of twenty-for,  
To counsellors, commercial nobs,  
And her Majesty's judges of the law.

And many's the time I've blessed my starse  
To stand behind his chair,  
Droring him and me of the very best  
To whet our whissels there.

Extreamly well contented  
With an halve a guinea fee,  
Omilibus fare, and such good peck  
To go at libberaly.

## PART III.

At the very summit of fortune  
His worship mighten you call?  
'Old hard, good gents, I've more to tell  
As did his worship befall.

I see a rosy horizon  
To this golden meridium fame;  
His worship retired wen he'd had enough—  
Say, 2 or 3 years of the little game.

And like a Cincinnatus,  
A-tired of the civic row,  
He walked away to his privat persoots  
To handle of his plough.

Not that this insident I literally mean,  
For he didn't farm no land—  
But the appropriate classikle simily  
Came handy to my 'and.

Now, her Majesty she couldn't allow it  
This old hero's zeal to cease,  
So she grashiously commissioned him  
Her justice of the peace.

\* Our contributor is a humbug. Day-waiters can't mis-spel their words as carefully as he does.—Ed. C. J.

And set him on a bench surrounded  
By bold police in blue—  
A magistrick of the county,  
Its great emporium too.

And an excelent dodge was our Sov'reign's  
To exalt him on to the bench,  
To put his experienced wits to work,  
Drunken partys for to quench.

And if I should commit a foe-par,  
Or some other 'orrible crime,  
I wouldn't like to catch his eye,  
As up in the dock I climb.

At lenth this beak so able,  
Administering of the laws,  
Was espied by some limmited companies—  
On him they laid their paws,

And took him in amongst them—  
I don't mean they took him hin—  
Though by all accounts it's probable  
They had a eye on his tin.

I mean they made him director,  
Nailing him on their boards;  
And give him guineas for working  
Of the general publick's hoards.

And uncommonly worth his 1 pound 1's  
Was this finansial gent,  
He'd such a head for figgers  
He cut a figgur wherever he went.

Now, success to our hero's limiteds!  
And may they amass much wealth,  
For betwixt you and me I'm a owner  
Of a tuthree shares myselth.

And success to their bold director,  
The subjeckt of my poem,  
Long may he live us dividens to give,  
Much happiness untoe him!

Since those early summer days on the hills  
His life's spun out some lenth,  
And I'm told it is his birthday  
Nex month the ninth or tenth.

And it's many returns I wish him;  
And if he givs a dinner,  
I'd like to be somewhere near his chair  
As I'm a living sinner.

And if—most unushal—the menoo  
Were only a chop and potater,  
He shouldn't halt for butter and salt  
If he'd send for this day-waiter.

## TYLDESLEY LOCAL BEAR-GARDEN.

TYLDESLEY, as some of our readers are already aware, possesses a local board. At its last meeting a scrimmage took place sufficiently wild to justify the *Leigh Chronicle* in mildly describing it as an "exciting scene." The neatest and most courteous way for one member to describe another was, "You're an arrant liar!" and the member so described swallowed the compliment as if he thought he had deserved it. The scrimmage possesses no interest for the general public, but to say that it was disgraceful to a body of educated men is to put a mild characteristic upon it. We have heard of bears showing greater charity. The comic side of the scrimmage, however, is to be found in the following paragraph, relating to a matter which cropped up between the hostilities:—

**SWIMMING GALA**—Mr. Whitehead, the keeper of the baths, applied for permission to have a swimming match at the baths. Permission was granted on the understanding that the profits should be handed over to the local board.

We should really like to know how these profits are to be applied. If for the sewerage and paving of Tyldesley, or for any improvements on the ratepayer's behalf, we decidedly object; if for the improvement of the members, say by getting the offenders a fortnight's imprisonment each for using bad language, or getting them to put their own powers in operation to extinguish themselves on the ground of their being a public nuisance, we charitably approve of such an application.

**WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.**—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic dolozeux, pains in the face and head gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 13½d. and 2s. 6d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shadchiff.

## INFIRMARY REGULATIONS.

THE weekly board of the Manchester Royal Infirmary is not a body that moves very rapidly. It is a long time making up its mind, and when it has made up its mind it is longer still in bringing the will into harmony with it. There is not, in fact, much harmony at all on this Infirmary board. Dr. Renaud and Dr. Reid are like oil and water; and there is not much love lost between Mr. Hulse, the statistician to the board, and Mr. Goldschmidt, the financier to the opposition. For some time, we believe, a sub-committee has been engaged revising the code of regulations which set forth, in language more or less ambiguous, what it is the patients are to expect when they become patients, and what it is the "Charity," as it is called, expects from the patients as long as they remain patients. These regulations are read "in an audible voice," as the Prayer-book puts it, every Monday morning to the candidates for admission when they appear before the weekly board, very much the same as the clerk of the Crown reads the Queen's proclamation against vice and immorality at the opening of an assize. All the patients being ranged, the chairman says: Pray be silent while I read to you what you may expect to receive from the Charity, and what the Charity absolutely requires from you:—

- (1) You may expect to receive civil treatment from everybody in the house. Of course, the less you expect and the more likely you are to receive it. It is unnecessary to remind you of the old proverb which says, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall never be disappointed." That is not to say that you will not receive civility here, but the people connected with this establishment have so much to do for themselves that, occasionally, they really have not time to be civil to anybody except themselves. You will therefore excuse all shortcomings in that respect, and hope for better things in the future. [The rule does not explain the future what; whether it is the future Infirmary, or the future life, or futurity in the abstract, or what. It is left vague, and the patients abstract what consolation they may.]
- (2) You may expect to be provided with clean beds and good provisions. If you think you have not enough, tell the cook. This member of the domestic fraternity, it is necessary to say, is prohibited from receiving what are commonly called "tips;" but it is such a weakness in human nature to tittle that no measure of punishment has been fixed upon by the weekly board as the reward to be meted to any cook caught accepting a tip. This hint may probably help some of you in getting into the good graces of the kitchen.
- (3) If you are taken ill in the night and require help, just pull the bell, which you will find about fifteen inches from the left-hand side of the fireplace in your respective wards. If the bell is not out of order it will be heard by the boots, who, if he is awake, will call the porter, who will mention to the surgeon that some one is ringing their bell; he will mention it to the nurse, who will at once go to the bell in order to ascertain the number of your ward, and if the bell is still swinging she will whistle up the tube to the nurse on your corridor, who will immediately take the necessary steps to see that you are attended to. It may be of advantage, should you not receive attention within twenty-five minutes of your first ringing, to repeat the operation, as you may not have been heard, in consequence, as already said, of the state of the bell, or, if in the plural, of the belles of the establishment. These are the things you may expect.

The Charity expects of you that every patient will be patient under all his sufferings, and get better as quickly and as quietly as he can; the quicker the better, as the "Charity" does not care to "suffer long." You are expected to obey every order. You must imitate the weekly board, and not waste the time of the officials with trivial matters, as the weekly board does not waste the time of the public with trivial discussions. None of you must leave the house without leave, nor shall any of you lie outside the establishment; if you lie inside it is at your own risk and peril, and not at that of the weekly board. The men patients must not go into the women's wards, nor the women into the men's; and you are not to play at Napoleon, Prussian bank, short whist, all fours, the three-card trick, or any other game, on pain of being expelled. Of course, if any of you can get round the nurses, and induce them to have a hand at whist, the weekly board—who, it may be confessed, sometimes take a quiet rubber themselves—see no great offence. The harm is not in playing cards, but in letting it be known. *Verb. sap.* You shall not smoke within

the walls of the building. If any of you, especially the males and the women from Oldham, however, cannot do without their 'baccas, the matter can be arranged by opening the window of your ward, putting out your head, and blowing away. The Charity, you see, does not preclude, it only regulates your pleasures. No provisions or liquors are allowed, except those which the Charity provides; but if you look through the accounts for the last year you will see that not only the patients, but the nurses have had allowed them considerably more beer, cheese, and other commodities than might have been procurable outside.

These are the main requisites and demands, as recently revised by the committee. It only remains to be seen whether some member of the weekly board will not overturn them by producing statistics showing that they are subversive of all morality; that they cannot be sanctioned on any known law of trigonometry, or by any system in force among statisticians and men of science; and suggesting that before the patients of the Infirmary can be properly regulated, it will be necessary to take the opinion of some professional men who are able to give an opinion on the matter.

## THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" IN A RAGE.

LORD SALISBURY'S wise and reassuring utterances at the banquet of the Merchant Taylors' Company, last Monday, must have been naturally annoying to the *Telegraph*, which does not take them calmly:—

## LORD SALISBURY.

I am quite sure that, as far as England's manifest and direct interests are concerned, any Parliament that might ever be elected would hunt from their office with ignominy any Government that neglected those interests or our honour. (Cheers.) But when you come from those direct interests to the indirect interests respecting which I heard some eloquent sentences delivered to-night—and far be it from me to deny that they exist, far be it from me to deny that it may be our duty in possible contingencies to put forth our whole strength to defend them—but I merely say, when anybody comes to you with a tale of some indirect interest of England being threatened, cross-examine that indirect interest before you believe it. (Hear, hear.) Don't accept what the man in the street, or what persons whose powers of reflection or means of information do not exceed those of the man in the street, represents to you as indirectly involving the interests of England or demanding from you the dreadful sacrifices of war.

## THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

Lord Salisbury asserts, in dignified language, that any Ministry which does not defend British interests will be hooted from power, and he certainly spoke the truth. Unless the policy underlying his speech be firmer, bolder, and more definite than his words implied, the day may not be remote when his prediction will be fulfilled. Whether the Indian Secretary, by his two speeches last night, has increased the confidence of his own party in his statesmanship and character as a national adviser, we do not know, but we can have not the least doubt he will be dearer than ever to the Opposition. The country stands in dire need of courageous, wise, far-seeing, out-spoken counsel, and not half-hearted utterances which, whether designed or not, while they stimulate Russia in her career of ambition, must perplex, weaken, and discourage England.

This is all very well for a paper which has adopted a certain policy because it suits its own book, but how about the true blue Conservative organs which in a fancied support of their party have advocated schemes which are apparently being shattered by the men for whom they have been devised? It will be very hard for them to acknowledge that the party which has been all along taunted by them with having no policy has virtually determined the destinies of the country. We pity them in their perplexity, while wishing them well out of it. In the person of Lord Salisbury, the national ship possesses an admirable assistant quartermaster. What Lord Salisbury does not know about the Eastern Question is hardly worth learning.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

**WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.**—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 134d. and 2s. 9d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

## THE CITY JACKDAW.

**PROFESSIONAL PRIZE MEDAL SILK BANNERS**, for Sunday-schools and Societies, made at **WHITTE'S Manufactory**, Bridge-street, Manchester. Illustrated lists free. Established more than half a century.

### DRAUGHT EXCLUDER FOR BOTTOM OF DOORS.

Prices, with testimonials, on application.



**CAUTION**.—If you would secure comfort at home in all weathers, be sure to apply none other than **SLATER'S Patent Prize Medal DRAUGHT EXCLUDER**, for bottom of doors, as shown at Cheetham Hill and Pomona Palace Exhibitions. Dust spoils and scratches furniture, carpets, and tiles. This apparatus lifts  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, clearing carpets or uneven floors, and shuts down quite weather tight; it is self-acting, durable, and cheap.

USUAL SPACE ADMITTING DRAUGHTS DUST & RAIN

Can be applied to any door in a few minutes, and (important to tenants), can be removed as quickly, without injury to the door or framework.

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**HAND'S ROYAL BLOOD MEDICINE**, for the cure of ulcerated legs, ulcerated sores on the neck, old wounds, pimples, scurvy, blotches, pustules, itch, glandular swellings, tumours, cancerous ulcers, king's evil, piles, ulcerated lungs and liver, consumption, gout, rheumatic gout, lumbago, gravel, nervous debility, and general weakness from whatever cause arising. Prepared only by **WILLIAM HANDS, CHEMIST, CHELTENHAM**, and sold in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, by respectable chemists and medicine vendors in the United Kingdom. Two large bottles generally cure the worst cases.—N.B. HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA presented Mr. Hands with a splendid engraving of her own portrait on November 4, 1875. Mr. Hands sends two 4s. 6d. bottles carriage paid to any address for 9s., one bottle 5s. Letters with stamp answered.

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**TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, 2s.** Eight tunes, post-free, 27 stamps; size,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The eight tunes may be selected from the following—Hold the fort; Sun of my shuf; Thy will be done; Safe in the arms of Jesus; Ring the bell, watchman; Last rose of summer; Meet me in the lane, love; Watching for me; Madame Angot; Danube waltz; Legend Madame Angot; Irish jig; Mousetrap man; Tommy, make room for your uncle; Oh my, do for shame; Perhaps she's on the railway; Run 'em in; Hoopla. Agents will find this marvellous Centennial novelty sell well, and afford delighted customers unbounded satisfaction. A sample instrument, free by parcel-post, 27 stamps. M. HOLT, 2, Bude-place, Tower-road, Aston, Birmingham.

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Orders by post promptly attended to.

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Large arrival of DUTCH NATIVES twice a week. Also their far-famed FLEETWOOD OYSTERS for cooking or eating. Hotels, restaurants, and families supplied, from 1s. 8d. per score. Large AMERICAN OYSTERS always on hand. Note the address—

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Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches; 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

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Bottles, 18½d. and 2s. 9d., of most Chemists.

## THE CITY JACKDAW.

### Railway Announcements.

#### LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

#### SATURDAY AFTERNOON EXCURSIONS TO ALDERLEY.

*Athletic Sports at Wilmslow,*  
June 30th.

EVERY SATURDAY, commencing June 16th, and until further notice, TICKETS will be issued by the Train leaving London-road Station, Manchester, at 2 15 p.m., for

#### HANDFORTH, WILMSLOW AND ALDERLEY;

Returning from Alderley at 8 15 p.m. For further information see small bills.  
Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, June, 1877. G. FINDLAY.

#### LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

#### BUXTON WELL DRESSING.

On SATURDAY, June 16th, A CHEAP TRAIN will leave London-road Station, Manchester, at 2 40 p.m., for

#### DISLEY (for LYME HALL), New Mills, Whaley Bridge, CHAPEL-LE-FRITH, AND BUXTON;

Returning from Buxton at 8 30. For further information see small bills.  
Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, London, June, 1877. GEO. FINDLAY.

#### LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

#### BLACKPOOL INAUGURAL FETE AND GALA.

June 16th, 18th, and 19th, 1877.

On MONDAY, June 18th, an EXCURSION TRAIN will be run to

#### BLACKPOOL

(Tallott-road Station) and back, as under:—

Oldham (Mumps), Shaw, New Hey, Milnrow, Boebdale, Castleton, Heywood, Bury (Market-place), Stalybridge, Ashton, Droyliden, Miles Platting, Manchester (Victoria), Salford, Pendleton, Stoneclough, Farnworth, Mosses Gate, and Bolton (Trinity-street Station). See bills for particulars.

WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.  
Manchester, June, 1877.



TRY IT! IT NEVER FAILS!

**MUDDIMAN'S CELEBRATED SPANISH WASH**, for renewing, cleansing, thickening, and preventing the hair from falling off or turning grey, is a sure and never-failing remedy, instantly removing all scurf and dandruff, leaving the skin pure and healthy. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 5s. each. May be obtained of G. F. Kent, chemist, 134, Broad-street, Pendleton; or any chemist or hairdresser. Wholesale London Agents—Messrs. Low, Son, and Haydon, 330, Strand; or of the manufacturer, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

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*Life Members, ten guineas; Ordinary Members, one guinea per annum.*

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A Natural and Pure Vintage Wine, from the Estate of

H.R.H. THE DUC D'AUMALE,

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The estate (with vineyard) of Zucco is situated near Palermo, and its Proprietor, H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale, has for many years spared no expense to make it produce a wine of high character and very superior qualities.

The Zucco is of light dry Madeira style, being produced from the best sort of Madeira grapes, and, like Madeira wine, improves much in bottle, only this improvement is effected in a shorter time, the Zucco being less strong. It is a perfectly natural and pure wine. The proprietor guarantees that no alcohol is put into it, and that it is never blended, each vintage being kept separate and shipped as such. In this and every respect it differs from other Sicilian wines.

The Zucco is much recommended as a pure, wholesome, and pleasant dinner wine, and, although it improves much in bottle, it can also be consumed from the wood.

#### PRICES:

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5. Salt baths and their efficacy in nervous ailments. How to obtain and use them.
6. The coca-leaf as a preserver of health and strength.
7. On purity of the breath.
8. Hints on the teeth and gums.
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10. How to choose a husband. &c.

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WALKER'S PURE INFANTS' RUSKS are highly nutritious, being made of the very finest materials, and are guaranteed perfectly pure from all adulteration, or from any substance whatever that could possibly interfere with even the weakest digestion; and as they are mixed by machinery instead of by hand labour, they have also the great advantage of perfect cleanliness, which to the delicate stomach of an infant must be of such immense importance.—HENRY WALKER, Steam Bakery, 54, Rusholme Road, Manchester.